

Why send you this old letter?

For the sake of family history.

I think you saw it, when fresh,
but it may be vague, now.

Forward to W. E., when read. He need
not return, since we can't "keep" everything.

My dear Kinsfolk:

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Greensboro, N. C.
August 31, 1936

I am sitting in my room at the hotel waiting for a train to take me back to Nashville to my loved ones and my beloved work. I will avail myself of this opportunity to comply with your request to tell you something about the celebration, of the 180th anniversary of the Buffalo Church. When David Caldwell was pastor, a lifetime, died at age of

As you know I was invited to preach the sermon Sunday morning - the "high light" of the celebration as the Greensboro Record called it. The reason for my selection for this important role and perhaps the only reason was that I am a preacher and lineal descendant, a great grand son, of Dr. David Caldwell the first pastor of Buffalo Church. He was born in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, the son of Andrew Caldwell, a farmer, and Elder of the Presbyterian Church. He was apprenticed to a carpenter and followed his trade of house building for a time. Feeling called to preach he took a thorough education, graduating from Princeton when he was 36 years of age. Settlers in the Buffalo neighborhood who had known him in Pennsylvania asked for him to be sent to them as a missionary. He became the first pastor of two small Churches, named after the Creeks near which they stood, Buffalo and Alamance. The salary was inadequate, only \$200 a year, so it became necessary for the young preacher to secure a farm and work it, which he did successfully. He also erected near his house a log school house where he taught a classical school. Many of the leading men of that day preachers and laymen got their training under him. Among them were five governors of states.

There was "no physician there," so he got books and studied medicine. He ministered to the sick and became almost as proficient in his ministry to the body as to the soul.

This was his only pastorate. He died in his 100th year, after a ministry of about 60 years. No wonder with all these open avenues into the hearts & lives of his people they almost idolized him. Tho now dead more than a hundred years, his memory is fresh like ointment poured out and his name is a household word in Greensboro and Guilford County. There are numerous markers and memorials to him.

But I am anticipating my story. I must begin at the beginning. I came over from Montreat where I had spent a few days resting at the Inn. They were not expecting me here until Saturday morning, when the exercises were to begin. But I was afraid I'd miss something, so I reached Greensboro Friday night about midnight.

1. (See over) Then (finishing)
forward to
W. E.

My grand father was
Samuel Craighead
Caldwell. His mother
"John's" family

He was
my
great
grandfather

My
grandfather
was

Samuel
Craighead

which
my bro.
S. C. C.
was
very
proud

mine wife who is proud of her Williamson ancestry as I am
of the distinguished Caldwell.